SOUND THE
ALARM
CANARY

l'introduction de la sixième édition

Okay, honestly, I'm tired and run down, I reek of body odor, and I want a cigarette. Body odor, usually, connotes a sense of life, but, for whatever reason, this afternoon, the stench connotes failure in my personal pursuit of a more responsible life. I went to Lake Ontario, swimming trunks a bit tight around the hips (hello free homemade potato chips from work!), boobs a bit bigger than I recall and friends filled with intrigue and excitement. Once there, they let loose those joyful screams jolted forth by cold water. I, however, could not bring myself to get in. I looked out onto the sun sparkles of the blue green water field, but, for once, and, boy, I hope only once, I could not jump in, I could not dive under, I could not survive the cold! I swear I'm going somewhere with this….

I read *The Awakening* the other week, which led me to temporarily believe the summertime awakens the heart, the soul, the loins, all those important intricacies of being, but, I feel rather quieted, the figurative opposite of the metaphysical alive. This slightly graying introduction leads me to a much more bright conclusion – I've been havin' trouble keepin' this here creative boat afloat for lack of energy, for lack of faith in self, for lack of responsibility.

This said – a new co-putter-together-er has come on board to aid in the process and possibilities and projects of The Canary! His name? Colin! A fine walker, an authentic heart, a brilliant mind and with a heck of lot more spunk than I've had as late (and also a non-smoker), Colin will add a whole new dimension to this constantly evolving publication (as do you!). So, look forward to all sorts of new stuff and to listen to someone else ramble other than me all the time. With all my heart, my hope and my gratitude, enjoy this issue! Jules

(Oh, and Colin did this, I thought it was cool)

Julie's Intellectual Property Theft-ed Top 15 List for May – June 2008

1 *The Awakening* by Kate Chopin
2 *Swamp Thing: Love and Death,* volume 2
3 *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* Season 8 comic series
4 two new kittens: Ivan the Terrible and Persephone
5 frisbee in the park
6 Shannon & I's garden, in spite of the neighborhood raccoon
7 *The Subtle Knife* by Phillip Pullman
8 coffee, coffee, coffee and more coffee (preferably fair trade)
9 the talented Jonathon of Vessel creating this month's fantastic cover!
10 poetry by Rainer Maria Rilke and Hilda Doolittle
11 all the people who tip well when they go out to eat – you rock!
12 the Hobbit Hole
13 Hobbits, in general
14 coffee and ice water

15 The Canary's sixth issue!

*****

Friends,

Hey, my name is Colin and apparently I'm now co-assembler of The Canary. Forget about that for a second though, I wanted to address something far more important:

It's summer time. Here's to the barbeque's, the campfires, the sweaty shows followed by swimming in the lake, the sweaty hungover mornings made better by swimming in the lake, road trips, bike rides, sleeping outside just because and all of the other ten thousand awesome things that come along with this time of year.

It doesn't last forever, so let's make it count- and I'm not just talking about summer here, now, pals.

Take this zine outside and read it under your favorite tree. And by all means, please please please, if you have something to say- say it in these pages. Let's use our voices. Get in touch!

Hell, do your own zine! We could trade next month!

Your New Co- "Putter-Together-er",
Colin

Colin's Original Top 15 List for May – June 2008

1 Hardskin, Fucked Up, Brain Handle, Caustic Christ @ Belvedeer's in Pittsburgh
2 Die Young, Killamanjaro @ Castle Rockmore in Syracuse
3 Witches With Dicks - "Manual"
4 Removing the sleeves from shirts
5 Sunday Funday
6 Tuesday Dudesday
7 Facedowninshit - Everything they've done
8 Air Conditioning
9 Taste Buds Soda Bar (west second street, oswego ny)
10 A certain german gal
11 The promise of the future, the potential we all have
12 Herman Hesse - Steppenwolf
13 Billy Bragg and Wilco – Mermaid Avenue Vol. 1
14 Cursed – III
15 New Skitkids ep

*****

An an exceptionally thankful note for Jonathon on accord of his cover design for this month's issue! Sweet dude! He also made a color copy that, if yer lucky, you might get one! Special edition, yeah! For more on Jonathon and what he does check out www.myspace.com/bostonvessels

Some Inner Twitch Spark Fire
By M. Wallace

the only arc set-up like owl howl; maybe
i'd like to see more than buildings,
cement, and whole smiles lying at me constant--
swept up like dust 'neath the mountain's brow
holding up an earth heavy golden shuttle bus
on it's way to everywhere you've never been,
shouting at the top of it's metal lungs
how the seasons make it feel and how that
one time, when it was young, it pretended to kiss
a girl buried in hope and felt embarrassed
to have a heart beating that! heavy for those! reasons,
not to be concerned or operated upon by foolish
lopsided antelope earlobe drip drop snow globe
silliness it's always been implanted with like:
love... isn't real;
touch and objects are nothing
more than space occupying time occupying negation;
a death of light breathing.
chest cavity heaving.
long, buzzing static life tinsel sparkling
[...christmas lightning] hollowed-out,
from it's guts crying: "Disaster." --
the sky opening up huge to pick up corpses
and pound them into ground;
to make glitter out of purity!
how everything revolves around tomorrow
and nothing revolves around today,
where the cackling witch hunt insanity search
for higher power love and lower power hugs
all lead to clocks snapping their own necks
and boyscout knots getting a useful tugging from a
ceiling frozen up and freezer burned from too much--
too much, too much;
and the weight.
god, the weight of it all.

Take Off

by Viktoria Valenzuela-Pennington

I went to the park to escape his authority. I lay in cool green grass under a tree. A veil of Spanish moss, the protective mother, hangs over me. Grandpa threw me out of the house, "…for being so goddamn noisy!" He said.

We've been living in Denver Harbor, a barrio of Houston, since Ma stole us back from Daddy, in San Anton--. Carrie, my little sister and Goyo my little brother, are happy to be back with Ma, but I just want to take off.

Ma works downtown until six or seven almost every night anyways. When she gets home Carrie and Goyo are gonna mew like kittens to sit on her lap.

Usually, if we stay inside we have to clean the floors and dishes before Grandpa gets mad, "Goddamn lazy kids, Help you' mother!" His thick Chicano accent makes him sound even madder. Grand-Mom claims she watches us for Ma, and then turns around to tell me, "You're the oldest, mija, you're responsible for making sure the little ones don't act up or get hurt." Lucky for me, today "the little ones" have little league practice. All I have to do now is stay out of Grandpa's way when he comes home for lunch. Thundercats is playing on TV and the couch is free in the den. I grab a glass of ice water and place myself on the couch steadily.

"Go play outside." Grand-Mom says just as I stretch my boney brown self across the entire couch.

"Do something, mija, too much TV is going to make you fat como las tias on your fathers side. Andale, you better hurry up," she says smacking my leg with the spatula from the carne asado cooking in the kitchen.

"ssss, Aye." I say itching my leg. It stings. The shorts I am wearing don't cover the gravy splat burns, still hot, from carne asado for Grandpa's lunch tacos.

If Ma would hurry up and rent us our own place, I wouldn't have to deal with all this. I'm sick of living with too tired Grand-Mom and Grumpy Grandpa. "Your Grandpa is on his way home for lunch, he's gonna tell you to go play outside."

"Yes, Ma'am." I wrinkle my nose and shrink back into my shrimpy self. Now I'm grumpy. I never get to have the couch to myself with so many in one house, it's even worse on the weekends because that is when all the cousin come over.

The birds are the loudest things in the whole park. I can sit and listen to them bicker for hours. The chlorine of the public pool smells strong in the breeze. I daydream under an indigo speckled sky. The life I could have out there calls to me. The clouds are so fat in Houston they have to spread out the city just to hog up more of the view. We were at the center of

it all, just outside of downtown, in Denver Harbor, the birds and I.

I 'm afraid to blink, I might miss the more plump cloud that comes along. Each one is shaped like something more identifiable than the last. The shapes emerge like birds, bears, bunches of grapes, and elephants. I don't want to miss a minute of it.

The sky completes its show, leaving a clear sky. I sit on a swing and make up the words to songs about life. The birds and I make music despite the lowrider's pounding bass when they roll by.

We ignore Oscar. All he ever wants is candy. He has a neon green backpack full of candy every time I see him. But, he doesn't unnerve us tiny birds with his size, a child in a gigantic black man's body. He hums along with his new walkman when he wanders the park, asking kids, young mothers and Cholos for candy or spare change to buy a coke a cola. Everybody already knows that Porras Prontito Taqueria and Bakery will give him everything free anyways.

My section of the park is quiet on the sunniest part of the day. I can see Grandpa's house from the swings. The fenced in baseball diamond and metal bleachers are between here and there, but I can see the porch y la puerta that he yells to ceralo.

His powder blue Cadillac is in the driveway. He never stays for very long. Always has to work at the gas station he owns, but never misses a meal at home. I'm waiting in the park for his lunch to be over. I can almost see the house trembling from across the street as Grand-Mom rustles up some tacos and chiles for him to eat. I think I want boloney sandwiches con mustard for lunch.

The low hum overhead takes my attention away from the house. I look up into the huge sky and the helicopter is flying low over the park. The bubble of its eye seems pointed right at me. I widen my eyes in recognition of the police helicopter that flies over this park almost daily. The Cholos shift their weight around but do not leave or stop their conversation. Must be for someone else…

I watch the helicopter flap away from me. Wide eyed and snaggle toothed, I pursue it on foot yelling "take me with you!" I ran faster, "I wanna go too!" I imagine myself on a stranded desert island begging for rescue. My clothes are already ripped and dirty from playing in the park. My jelly shoes begin rubbing away my Achilles tendon but I run faster. I run and the helicopter flies. There's so much ground to cover from the free cerulean sky to the edge of the green. The birds chirp at me, but I run with open arms to the helicopter at the brink of the park.

Artemisia Gentileschi, Judith Beheading Holofernes, oil on canvas, 1612 – 1613.

the other.
by elizabeth bishop

i was labelled the hysteric
today.
i don/t mind, no really--
it/s ok.
yr value judgements are what
bother me.
I,
am clearly not the arbiter of
truth,
but nor are you.
our suite, sad lives
are no more than a
compendium of lies
that sound off
like roman candles
for the living
the preserves
of, the dead
(we are)

Alfred Stieglitz, Hands & Thimble – Georgia O'Keeffe, 1920.

i asked you
next/to/me/in/bed
what the doldrums feel like.
you said, the inside of yr soul
you said, c/out yr spirit
i begged you to cling to me at
night
you said i/m not yr spirit.

espiritis santi, this is as far as i
go.
they profane
they profane

how to be the hysteric and the
man
i/m accused of authoritarian
tendencies
this is the ability to birth and
discpline.
goodnight c/ milk
goodnight my love

last year, in marienbad
we pretend
we had all the answers, then.

Brent Michael Canle

The 11:37 Flight from LaGuardia to Myrtle Beach

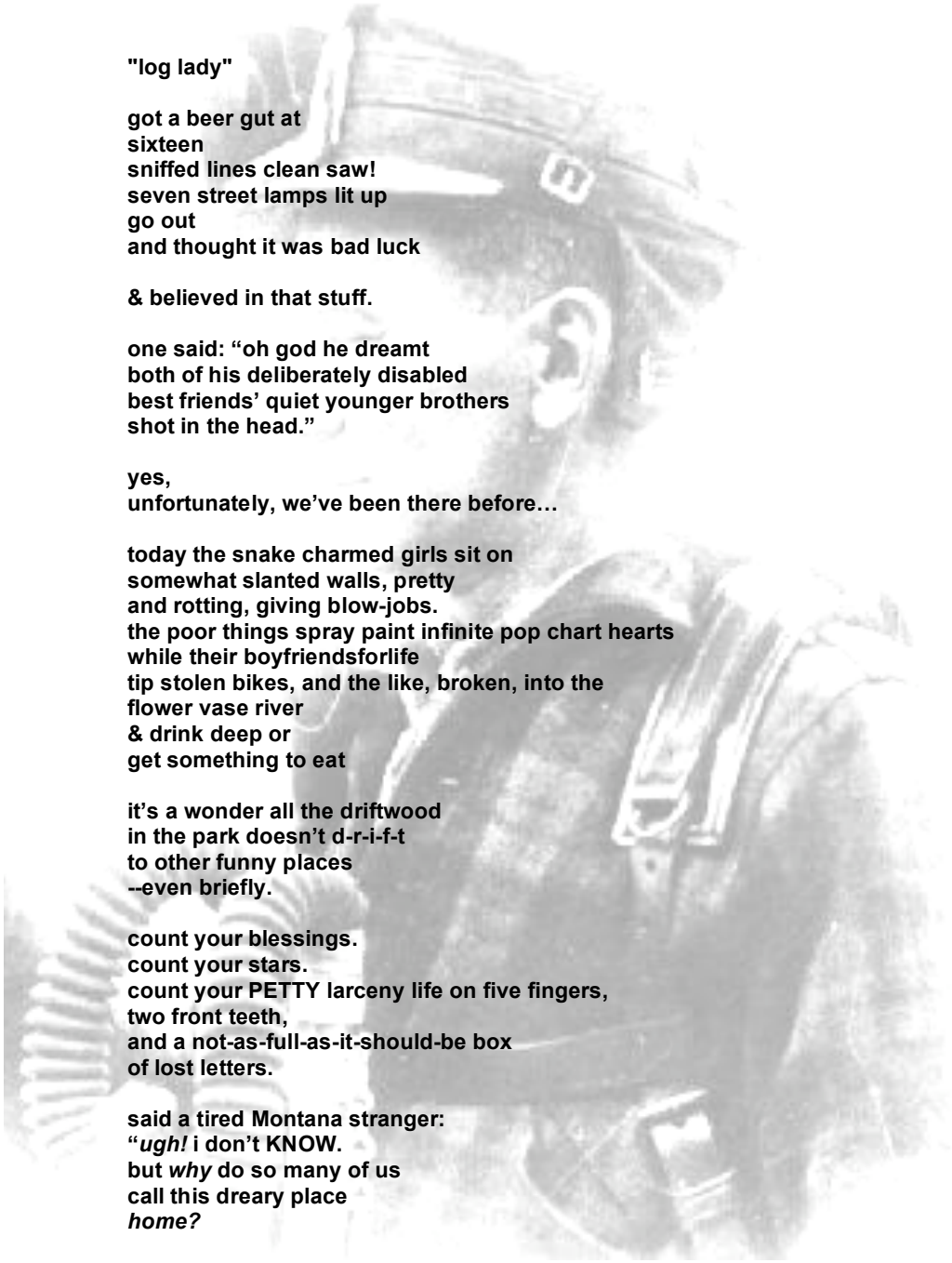
It wasn't until we were over the Atlantic
that I realized the severity of the world
The possible vastness of a non-eternity
where everything rolls and wobbles
I do not feel small as one might think
I feel exclusive, maybe allusive
a weed among a mother's vegetable garden
a cough from laughing too hard
a single drop of blood on a white shirt
a highlighter, a poem, a rattle-snake
a grammatical error in a Penguin book
Somewhere there is a child who is crying
though the reason for the tears is forgotten
The water below rolls along in a watery way
keeping safe the world underneath it
from the worlds above
and I remain I like it remains it
But somehow, somewhere along this line,
I became a small detail surrounded
By details no larger than myself.

Two Poems from M. Bronson Russell

"lost rings"

bird glide a soft bed & vicious
vertical wood stuck a
hole in my
back. dead bird float
slower than slow.
& sun drenched beaches,
burning feet, creeps
yelping!, sniff deep the wonder…

let it go.



"log lady"

got a beer gut at
sixteen
sniffed lines clean saw!
seven street lamps lit up
go out
and thought it was bad luck

& believed in that stuff.

one said: "oh god he dreamt
both of his deliberately disabled
best friends' quiet younger brothers
shot in the head."

yes,
unfortunately, we've been there before…

today the snake charmed girls sit on
somewhat slanted walls, pretty
and rotting, giving blow-jobs.
the poor things spray paint infinite pop chart hearts
while their boyfriendsforlife
tip stolen bikes, and the like, broken, into the
flower vase river
& drink deep or
get something to eat

it's a wonder all the driftwood
in the park doesn't d-r-i-f-t
to other funny places
--even briefly.

count your blessings.
count your stars.
count your PETTY larceny life on five fingers,
two front teeth,
and a not-as-full-as-it-should-be box
of lost letters.

said a tired Montana stranger:
"*ugh!* i don't KNOW.
but *why* do so many of us
call this dreary place
home?

A series of not-so-concise reviews of various things and events by Colin.

4/27/2008 Tragedy, Corpus Dei, Trystero @ Mohawk Place. Buffalo, NY.

The day really couldn't have started out much better. I remember it quite clearly; it was a Sunday and after having a totally bitchin' breakfast at local landmark/diner The Ritz (the house of omelets!), a friend and I went down to the lakeshore to hang out in the sun and let our meal settle. When we got there, we found that some terrible motherfuckers had submerged about a dozen empty beer bottles in the water, so naturally, we fished them out. Looking off into the tree-line, we saw the box from whence the empties came, and upon further investigation, I found that the other half of the 24 pack was intact and ready for consumption. Truly the gods smiled upon us! In all actuality, it was probably left by underage kids who had to ditch it in fear of the cops finding them with a bunch of beer. Either way, I figured we got our just desserts. But it wasn't over! I glanced over about ten feet and saw one of those sort-of-fancy-but-not-really mini kegs of Heineken; thinking that there wasn't any way our luck could get better, I walked over to check…and found that it was filled with skunky, foamy German beer! Hoorah!

Oh yeah, and later that day we were going to see one of my favorite active bands. Hell yes.

We hit the road and made good time. So good, in fact, that we disregarded standard procedure 'Punk Time' and got there when the doors were supposed to open, which meant we had a couple hours to kill. Hanging on the streets, sitting around, drinking free beer won from littering assholes- I can't think of any better way to get ready for an awesome show.

Trystero was up first; a band from the Buffalo area, filled with punk rock luminaries of varying sorts. When I first heard the band a few years ago was at a show I booked at my house, my friend Shantz who arranged them playing described them as Chamber Crust, and I suppose that's as accurate a description as any. Picture this: dirty punk kids (well, they're all sort of old…) play epic instrumental doomy gloomy punk rock, complete with a

cello! It sounds better in theory than it actually does, but I generally dig that sort of stuff and they are all stand up folks, so I watched and dug. The free beers increased my enjoyment about fivefold. It's also worth noting that their cellist, a sweet kid by the name of Amy was playing her last show with the band; she was making the big move to Pittsburgh.

Corpus Dei played next, and I honestly didn't care much. They played with the Trag the last time they came through Buffalo and I wasn't terribly impressed. Imagine Crowbar and Dystopia getting into a drunken brawl while a strung out on dope Eyehategod watched, but nothing really happened and they all went their separate ways after a couple minutes of lackluster punches thrown. They have a new 10" on Feral Kid Records that's worth checking out if you have a few extra bucks- it's just that I don't.

Tragedy took the stage next. It's worth noting before I start gushing about how awesome they were that I was somewhat disappointed with their set-list, but it could have been worse. It's also worth noting that I spied front man Todd in the crowd a couple times throughout the night and appreciated his constant glower. The dude seriously looks angry, confused and all around upset 100% of the time. No wonder those lyrics come out of him.

There was absolutely no fucking around: in glorious punk tradition Todd raised his fist in the air and yelled the song title before launching into each raging anthem. Goddamn. Before the show Scotty said something to the effect of "I hope Tragedy plays some of the heavier, slower songs", but after the show he had absolutely no complaints about the set filled with their relatively short rippers. I haven't really digested Nerve Damage and fallen in love with it like the first two full lengths, so the handful of songs from that record that they played didn't do much for me, and I wish that Vengeance, their second full length had a more thorough representation, I really have no complaints. When they tore into "You Are an Experiment" I was up front pumping my fist, when the drum intro to "The Ending Fight" began I was launching myself off the stage before I could even comprehend what I was doing. Bands like Tragedy are important; they support hardcore punk world wide by not only releasing records on the members' respective labels, but by bringing international bands on tour with

them in the states, they have dedicated their lives to this (whether or not that means anything to everyone is up for debate), they voice the anger and rage we all have inside.

I drunkenly snored my way home in the back of Scotty's minivan, exhausted and content.

2004-2008, Kinney Drugs' Dumpster. Oswego, NY.

I started checking this dumpster over four years ago and not once has it paid off in any memorable way. Often, persistence is a key element to this game, so without fail, whenever I would hit the streets for some shopping, I made sure to include Kinney's in my rounds. Well, I found that on Sunday evenings all of the leftover newspapers would be waiting for me, but there's only so much excitement one can derive from The Wall Street Journal, and there isn't any nutritional value contained within its pages, so after awhile I began to check it less and less. Once every blue moon I would stop by and peer in, but only if in the area, and only if I was completely bored. Never would I even bother to jump in; nay, more than usual it was bone dry. Eventually it became a distant memory.

Until my friend Kyle, to whom I introduced to glories of post-waste consumption, ran into me one afternoon this past March and began to rave about how he had found almost a dozen (still) frozen pizzas. My jaw dropped.

Now, of course, I check it regularly. The only pay off so far was Easter themed snack-cakes, and there were more than I could carry in my arms.

Persistence.

Kinney Drugs, you will reward me for my time.

Early March 2008-?, Goldberg's Furniture. Oswego, NY. (Job Review!)

Yeah, I got a job. Fuck, does it suck having to wake up and be somewhere. I don't even care that they pay me. I hate money.

A Call for Your Cooking Expertise!

Currently, The Canary is working on putting out a recipe book, a cook book, that compiles recipes to fit any set of tastebuds. We are warmly accepting and publishing vegan, vegetarian, pescetarian, carnivorous recipes because, based upon this zine and what it represent, we could not find within ourselves to limit it solely to vegan recipes. Everybody's gotta eat! And everyone's modes/ethics/codes/desires/etc. of eating are completely different. We'll save the debate for individual discussion.

This all said, we'll accept recipes, drawings & photographs of food, any ancedotes from the kitchen, you know, like when my friends banned me from using cinnamon the day my cinnamon obsession reach into scrambled eggs and homefries (apparently cinnamon isn't fitting for such a thing, hmph!). Hey, you can even throw in a paragraph or two about you dietary belief system!

Hopefully this will be out sometime in August (as long as we can get the submission flowin' in!) and we'll release it with a big potluck made up of some of the recipes! Additionally, this will be a nicely bound cook book thing that will last you a long time (hopefully a lifetime!), but will not cost more than $5!

So, let's get those whisks whiskin' and those rollin' pins rollin' (or for those of us sans rollin' pins, get those wine bottles spinnin'), and let's make a cook book zine of tastiness!!!

Please email submissions to thecanaryzine@gmail.com. If you send anything inappropriate to the above snail mail address, I will hunt you down.

Thanks everyone!

Julie

A Tour Behind the Walls Within
By M. Wallace

each night i dream up
mechanical cannibals
in hope my spirit'll project
outward and spin the world
out of madness--

thinking my thinking
will change most anything
is directly related to
an understanding that
we are a living Seurat;
also, living at all.

Joseph Beuys, I Like America and America Likes Me, "Action" piece, May 1974.

Chuck Close, acrylic on canvas, 1967-1968,

"creamy love in the 70s"
By M. Bronson Russell

grasp the booty shaking earth-
quake glass un-
winding with no communication
in a happily dilapidated place on
most post-modern Mondays w/
no bars, dripping clocks
& a full cell of
happy birthday REFRAIN

i wonder if all the wonderful
people i never cared enough about
still look the same?

i wet-mouth-kiss
love
you all. xo. keep in touch.

The Path to the Rebirth
By Missy* Hill

Scrawling on this
tattered page,
the worlds inside this
crazed mind
flow down from me to this
vast expanse of white.
Words drip from
my steel tongue,
the pen's well:
an open wound in
my arm,
my heart.
With every passing line
the pain in my
human body
grows beyond notice, though
the agony in
my soul
ebbs away with
the fading plane of white.
The glory of the
red-brown letters
grows as they
spill onto the
blood-stained,
ivory platter.
It is on this
wood-pulp dish that I
serve-up my soul
to any that wish to
taste my
blackened essence.
Savor the moments
of masochistic self-love
and
sadistic self-disgust.

Those days I
write-out of my
lingering existence.
Those days of
death-filled daydreams
have ended.
Their remnants
fill my
hand-written,
crimson-soaked,
note books.
You can know them
as I once did.
The anguish I once felt
has faded to
a dull ache.
That was my
night-dark past.
Through these
periodic blood-lettings
I am emerging into
my own dawn.

DIY FEST
Making stuff and doing things
Everyone welcome!
FREE FREE FREE
PROUDLY PRESENTED BY THE CROWE COLLECTIVE AND PAWS WITH CLAWS
June 20-24 Birdhouse. 92 Bird Ave.Buffalo NY
July 3-7 Hector National Forest outside Ithaca NY
Join us on a group bike tour between sites
I would like to, but making stuff is hard.
Not when your friends teach you. Come over to the Birdhouse and I'll show you.
Looks Great
Thanks! Gas is for suckas, I'll be rollin long after industrial collapse
And you can take this death machine back, I'm going to bike mob with the kids to the woods and go all rewild.
So, what do you think about DIY?
I love it. Consumer culture be damned!
PAWSWITHCLAWS@RISEUP.NET
MYSPACE.COM/BIRDHOUSECOLLECTIVE
MYSPACE.COM/PAW_CLAW
Birdhouse events include: beginner bike maintenance, sewing, silkscreening, hula-hooping, pirate radio, kombucha, homebrew, gardening, music theory, soapmaking, zine making, instrument making, PVC wind orchestra, demo and drywalling, tall bike/freak bike building, computer skills, tortilla making, salves and medicine making.
Woods events include: tanning hides, sling/slingshot making, cordage, drop spindles and triangle looms, plantwalk, bow fire starting, arrowhead knapping, tracking and trapping, basketry, bowl making, field dressing, primitive fishing, game playing, Mayan calendar, fire breathing, storytelling. There will be a discussion area for topics such as rewilding, consent and radical mental health.
Both events will feature music and performance every night including talent shows, puppet theatre, improv jam sessions, and circus shows.

Go, go, go!

(hey, you like the canary #6? email us at thecanaryzine@gmail.com
with your ideas, submissions, questions, rants and requests for back issues!)